

I'm Starving (God.Damn.Chan Remix)

Spouse

Ain't shit changed still bony no bowflex
Googling some titties while my girl won't give me throat sex, swag
Stressing, strung out, kotex
Wishing I can get my money back from my old checks
American proletariat derelict no inheritance heiresses think my lyrics is embarrassing
I'm the stoner Spider Man ripping chemical vitamins
Spit it general cypher and gripping emerald heinekens
I sold LP's smoked lb's
You smell me? that's Wells, beach
I'm on my soil chilling on a winters night
I ran out of oil, that's that shit I don't like
Came in the game with a brain not an amulet
I need the cannabis not what is on the mannequin
I'm procreated so you know I need the money
Must've saw me looking scrawny and they thought he wasn't hungry
I'm starving, I'm starving
Shit I'll eat all the food in your apartment
I'm starving, I'm starving
I might even eat the shit up out the garbage
I'm starving, I'm starving
I'll eat the whole turkey you ain't gotta carve it
I'm starving, I'm starving
I'll eat the walls and the ceiling and the carpet
Yo it's that ugly white rapper, no not Paul Wall
But the one from the north who doesn't say aw yaw
I got a ten sack that's like eight more balls
And I'm gonna blow trees until the acorns fall
It's like I'm riding in a beemer
When I'm in a Nissan with Ryan Peters on the speakers
Same shit, people that I came with
Still up in Maine bitch I ain't that famous
And this isn't commercial
But it would be if I hadn't been dropped from Universal
They say you gotta pay to fly
You want filets on a plane and them stakes is high
So I'm sitting at McDonalds I don't got a dollar
I be spitting enemies and got saliva out the bottle
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This is east to Eden mixed with reasonable doubt
Made an album for the label but they never put it out
Paid my dues now I'm waiting on a couch
Made enough off rap for down payments on a house
Come hither the blunt and drum hit her
The humble humdinger the mumbling gun slinger
Truck beds, middle class, bud had
Nickelback, little cash, enough said, cripple swag
Back like a tramp stamp low cal made one-hundred grand in a month but I'm broke now
Luckily, that's what my skis is, genius,
Covered up in crumbs from the cheez-its
I cut the fame, minimal
Nickname, pivotal
Wit game, miserable
Rib cage, visible
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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